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THE
TELL TALE;
OR, THE
PATRIOTS DEFEAT.



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TALL TALE

OR THE



PATRIOT'S DEFEAT



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A
SATIRE.

Divosq; Mortalesque turmas Imperio regit Unus. Hor.

By a Gentleman of Christ-Church, Oxford.



L O N D O N :

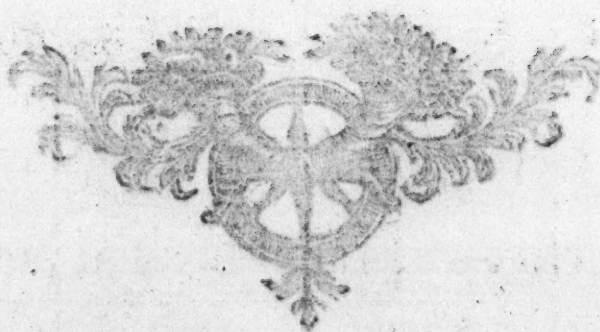
Printed for J. Roberts, in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold by
Sackville Parker, Bookfeller, in *Oxford*. 1741.

(Price Six-pence.)

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TELL TALE;
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PATRIOTS DEFEAT.



H A T News from *London*, says my
Friend?

Why this---That Faction ne'er will end.

That good Sir *Robert* has his Foes,
And so has ev'ry Man God knows.

That t'other Day the Senate met,
Bestow'd much Time in high Debate;

B

That

That few spoke well, that all were heard ;
 Nay, some had ev'n a Charge prepar'd ;
 Our Statesman was to be rewarded,
 And for his Services---discarded.

What think you was his sad Condition,
 When first he heard of that Petition,
 Which should by urging jealous Fears,
 Set him and Ge---gy by the Ears ?
 Did he not fret, and stamp, and rage ?
 And Curse the stiff rebellious Age ?

When Tempests swell the raging Deep,
 What Pilot can due Temper keep ?
 When Winds and Storms affect a Sway,
 Can Reason stem the troubled Sea ?

Whether by Nature taught, or Art,
 They say He play'd a wiser Part ;

He

He heard with Patience, spoke with Ease ;
 You'll ask, how fail'd he then to please ?
 Who said he fail'd ? not I by *Jove*,
 Those well he pleas'd *who share his Love*.
 But some, dear Friend, at all Events
 Were, and will still be Male-contents.

Not, Sir, that any Noble Wight,
 Or thought or said one Thing in spight.
 In Malice nought did any do ;
 'Tis *Publick Int'rest*, they pursue.
 'Twas thus agreed, and sure each Lord,
 Each Commoner would keep his Word.

Nay, One before the worthy Meeting,
 Began----To good Sir *Robert* greeting ;
 Prais'd all the Virtues of his Life,
 Tow'rds Servants, Kindred, Children, Wife :
 Ev'n He himself could condescend,
 To like a *Walpole* for a Friend.

But

But for his Publick Character

(Some wife Man had he heard over)

So bad it was, his very Foes

Had wish'd to see the King depose

That Plotting Execrable Head,

For now all *Europe* wish'd him Dead.

And will his Majesty maintain,

Of all his Foes the deadly Bane?

O never, never, tell this Story,

To *Frenchman*, *Spaniard*, or to *Tory*.

Another thing, but 'twont come pat in,

Is that our * *Stafeman* spoke false *Latin*:

The *Dative Case* he us'd, they say,

'Tis what he does but ev'ry Day.

Yet One (no *Placeman* as I live,)

Would have, good Man, the *Ablative*.

* Vid. HOR. Epist. I. *Nulla pallescere culpa*: The Gentleman mistook and said, 'twould be his Happiness, *Nulla pallescere Culpa*.

By this, whatever some pretend,
 He's to Right Government a Friend ;
 And tho' tis odd, I'm really told
 He took a trifling Piece of Gold.
 Ev'n *Cæsar's* Stamp and Supercription ;
 'Tis strange, yet past all Contradiction,
 And to Sir *Robert's* mighty Cost,
 His Knowledge gain'd, what's Anger lost.

The Tale is good---but tell me pray
 (For thus methinks I hear you say)
 What Party bore th' important Day.

How shall I speak the foul Disgrace
 Of Gods, and Heroes, out of Place ?
 They reach'd their Hands, they bow'd the Head,
 They cool'd, relented, spoke---or fled.

Deep Politicians ! who can spy
 Things most abstruse with half-shut Eye ;

C

For

For Men renown'd in Wit and Learning,
Methinks you've shewn but small Discerning:
Least you miscarry for the Future,
The Great Man's self must be your Tutor:

Disce docendus adhuc.

The Tale is good—but tell me pray

S. I. N. I. F.

What Party bore the important Day.



Deep Politicians! who can spy
Things most subtle with half-shut Eye;